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ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big loomp ov iron stuck fast in the ground, with a big ring to it. "Whoo! Darby," siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack o' my fingers, "your not down yet." I turned round to look at what thript me. "What d'ye call that?" siz I to the captin, who was at my elbow. "Why, Darby," says he, "that's half an anchor." "Have ye any use for it?" siz I. "Not in the least," siz he; "its only to fasten boats to." "Maybe, you'd give it to a body," siz I. "An' welkim, Darby," siz he, "its your's." "God bless your honour, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home, the creather hadn't as much as an anvil but what was shreeled away by the agint—bad end to them. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hands with this fellow." Begar, the chap turn'd from yellow to white when he heard me say this. And siz he to the gentleman that was walkin' by his side, "I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to day—I don't feel *myself*." "An'

murdher an Irish, if your yer brother, can't you send him for yourself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here man, take a dhrop of this before ye go. Here's to your betther health, an' your brother's into the bargin." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take. "No force," siz I, "avic; maybee you think there's poison in it—well, here's another good look to us. An' when will ye be able for the shwim avic," siz I, mighty complisant. "I reckon in another week," siz he. So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave. "Shwim up catharacts!—shwim to the Cape of Good Hope!—shwim to St. Helena!—shwim to Cape Clear!—shwim with an anchor on his back!—Oh! oh! oh!"

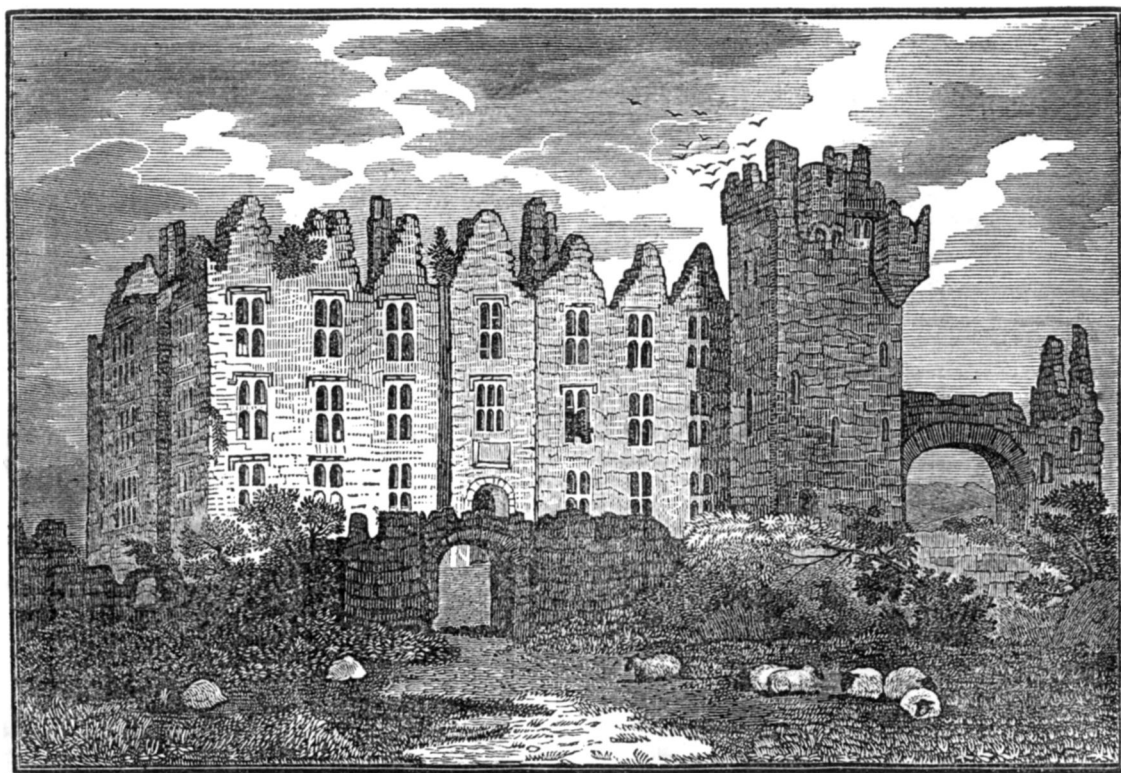
I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gother up my winners; and here I sit undher my own hickory threes, as independent as any Yankee.

Your obedient sarvant.

DARBY DOYLE.

Upper Canada,  
Oct. 4, 1832.

T. E.



*Inchmore Castle, County Kilkenny.*

### INCHMORE CASTLE.

In a former number we presented our readers with a view of Courtstown Castle, the noblest of the many baronial residences of the illustrious family of the Graces. The subject of our present illustration, though for the greater part of more recent date, is but little inferior in magnificence, and is of considerable interest as illustrating the progress of domestic and military architecture in our country.

This highly picturesque ruin is situated on the Nore, about four miles from Kilkenny, and derives its name, Inchmore, or the Great Island, from being nearly insulated by that beautiful river. It consists of a strong square keep, of considerable antiquity, united to a splendid mansion in the architectural style of the reign of Elizabeth and the First James—the period when such convenient domestic residences were first erected in Ireland. This was erected by Robert Grace, the Baron of Courtstown, and Member of Parliament for the County, who died in the year 1639, or 1640, and was interred in the Cathedral of Kilkenny. During his lifetime it was inhabited by his eldest son, Oliver Grace, who died be-

fore him, in the year 1637. The Barons of Courtstown, in selecting and improving Inchmore for a peaceable habitation, were evidently influenced by the beauty of its situation; and when surrounded by its ancient woods, and possessing all the varieties of landscape afforded by a beautiful river and an infinite variety of ground, it must have been a truly delightful residence. P.

### SAUNTERER.

The etymology of the word Saunterer is extraordinary enough, and somewhat romantic. In the times of the crusades, the military spirit and religious enthusiasm of the age combined powerfully to impel men of all classes in England to press forward to the Holy War, as it was termed. A still further inducement with many was the rich and fertile country in which they expected to settle, when they should have expelled from thence the enemies of God; and they accordingly hastened to sell their lands and possessions, preparatory to setting out to join the expedition. Being thus for a while without abode or home, they naturally threw themselves on the hospitality

which at that period was readily afforded, especially to those who declared themselves enlisted under the banners of the Cross. A frequent reply then to an inquiry as to the destination or object of any one who seemed to loiter or wander about, and to have no settled occupation or residence, was, in the Norman language of the day, that he was on his way *à la Sainte Terre* (to the Holy Land). From this phrase so often repeated, or else, as some have suggested, from the fact of so many having sold their property, and being therefore *sans terre* (without land or home), gradually grew the epithet of *saunterer*, now commonly applied to one who is seen idling, or, to use an expressive Irish term, "stravaiging" about without any apparent object or employment. O'G.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.



Sir Walter Scott.

The general life of Sir Walter Scott, does not properly come within the objects of our Journal, and besides must be already familiar to most of our readers; but there is one portion of it which belongs peculiarly to our country, and which has been but little noticed hitherto—his first and only visit to Ireland, in the summer of 1825.

That he had long viewed Ireland with feelings of considerable interest, there can be little doubt; deeply engaged in antiquarian research, his attention could hardly have failed to be arrested by her well known claim to the highest antiquity, and still further by the connexion of her ancient history with that of Scotland. He had, besides, many old and valued friends here, who had long and urgently solicited him to visit them; and at length his son, (the present Sir Walter Scott,) to whom he was much attached, being quartered in Dublin with his regiment, the 15th Hussars, affording an additional inducement, on the 14th July, 1825, Scott arrived accompanied by Mr. Lockhart, his son-in-law, and his daughter, Miss Scott.

Our national poet, Moore, was expected in Dublin about this time, but he did not arrive during Scott's stay. Mr. Hallam, the talented historian of the "Middle Ages," was in Ireland, but was just at that time engaged in a tour through some of the northern counties. Sir Humphrey Davy, and the learned Dr. Adam Clarke, were indeed here, but the former appears to have been engaged with the promotion of his brother's election to the office of Professor of Chemistry to the Dublin Society, about which he had come from England, and the latter with the performance of his clerical functions among the Society of Methodists, to which he belonged, and accordingly neither of them appear to have met Scott in society during the short period of his sojourn in this country.

For nearly a fortnight after his arrival, Scott was occupied in viewing the public buildings and institutions of Dublin. Among the rest, St. Patrick's Cathedral, so closely connected with his editorial labours and recollections of Swift, attracted his earliest attention; he linger-

ed long before the monumental tablet erected to Swift's memory, and with much feeling translated to the ladies who accompanied him, the nervous Latin epitaph inscribed on it, which records, in Swift's own words, his hatred of oppression, and exertions in the cause of liberty. The humble memorial of Mrs. Hester Johnson, (the unfortunate Stella,) did not escape his notice; nor a small slab which Swift placed near the southern entrance, anciently called St. Paul's gate, in memory of the "discretion, fidelity, and diligence" of his faithful servant, Alexander M'Gee. At the Deanery House he was shown the fine full-length original portrait of Swift, which is preserved there, having been painted by Bindon, in the year 1738, at the expense of the Chapter, whose property it is.

In passing from the Deanery to the adjacent library, founded by Dr. Marsh, Scott was shown the ancient residence of the Archbishops of Dublin, which however was not deemed worth a visit, as the exterior of the building alone retains any interest, it having been some time previously converted into a barrack for the horse police of the city. In Marsh's library he was much interested and amused by some marginal autograph notes, written, chiefly in pencil, in Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, by Swift in his most caustic and abusive style, containing the fiercest invectives against the Scottish nation. His notice was also called by the librarian to a desk of rather rude workmanship, which had been long used there by his deceased friend, Maturin, who being in the habit of reading in this library for several hours every day, had with his own hands constructed this little desk for his convenience. On this, it is said, the greater part of his novel of "The Abigens," as well as some others of his works had been written. Of Maturin's genius Scott had long entertained the very highest opinion; they had corresponded for a long time, and he had invited Maturin to Abbotsford, but it does not appear that they ever met. To his widow, Scott hastened to pay an early visit of condolence, and endeavoured to mitigate her sorrows by an act of munificent generosity. He had previously offered, in the most friendly manner, to edit Maturin's Novels, or selections from them, with an introduction by himself, on his return home from Ireland; but before he could carry his intentions into effect, the disastrous consequences of his connexion with the house of Constable and Co., which met him almost on his arrival in Scotland, compelled him to relinquish his design, and he wrote back to Mrs. Maturin in the kindest terms, assuring her that nothing but the imperative necessity of devoting his exclusive attention and energies to his own pressing affairs, should have made him give up the task he had undertaken.

While Scott was in Dublin, he hoped to have been able to make some valuable additions to his library, of rare books and tracts relating to Irish history, which he supposed he would more probably have met with here than else where; and he was accordingly indefatigable in his search at shops and standings where second-hand books are sold. More than once he sallied out by himself, at an early hour after breakfast, on this quest. Upon one occasion he was observed to remain at a book-standing upon the quay, leading to the Custom House, for a considerable while, nearly a quarter of an hour, and during that time he never took down a single book from its place, or even removed his hands from behind his back, contenting himself with patiently and carefully going over the titles of the books inscribed on their backs. He expressed much disappointment at being totally unsuccessful in his search; and, in despair at his ill-fortune, he went the day before he quitted Ireland, to the shop of Mr. Milliken, the bookseller, in Grafton-street, and there expended upwards of £60 in the purchase of books relating solely to the history and antiquities of this country.

For some time before his visit to Ireland, a very general notion prevailed that he was the author of the celebrated Waverley Novels, and this idea certainly was far from diminishing the popularity he had acquired by his previously acknowledged works. This was most strikingly manifested in Dublin, not only at the Theatre, where he was compelled by the reiterated calls of a crowded audience, to come forward and return thanks for this flattering welcome, but also through the streets, where his